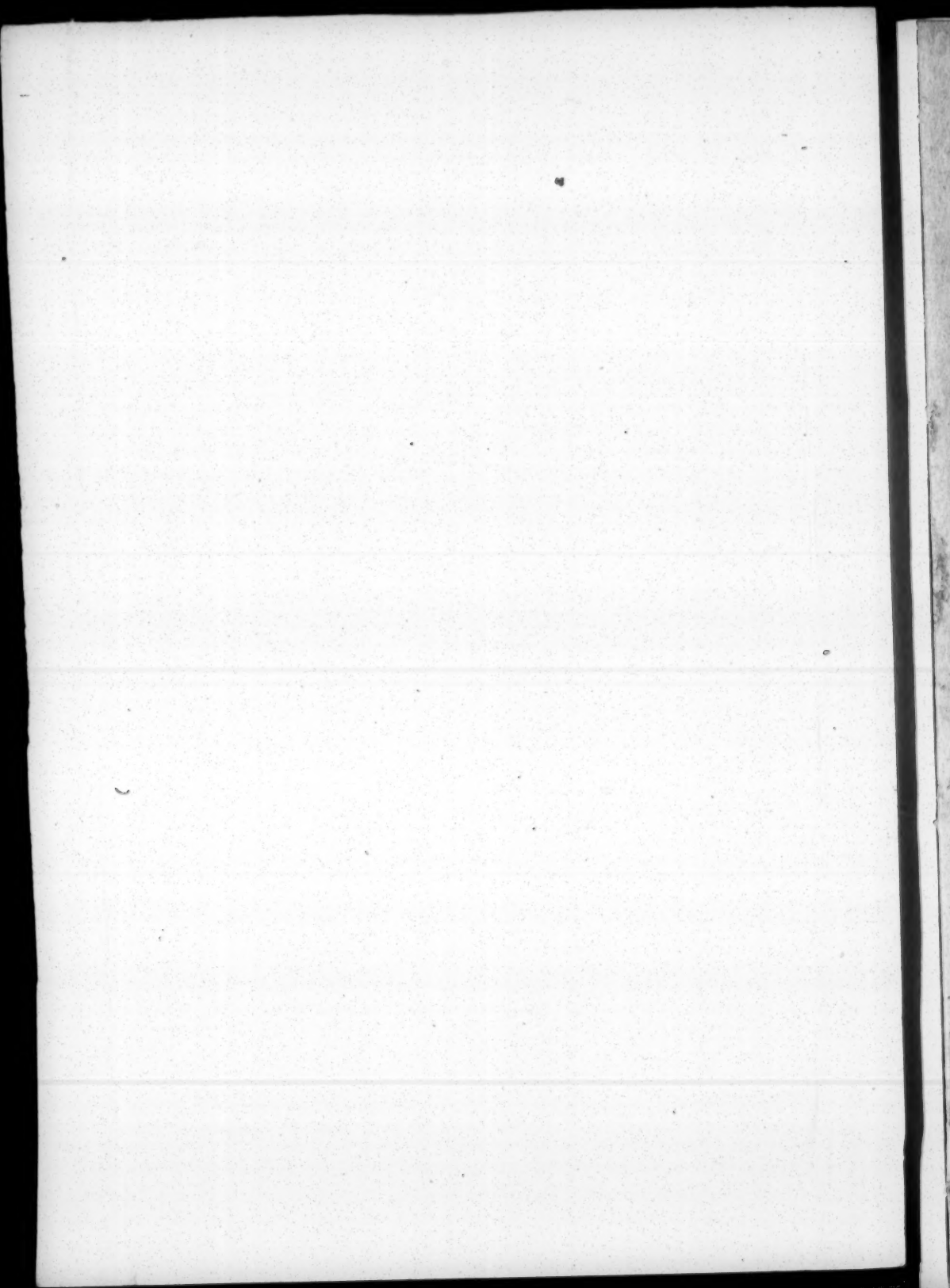


DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
A BLIND-MAN and DEATH
TO WHICH IS ADDED
A Heavenly DISCOURSE between
DIVINE and a BEGGAR.



Printed and sold in Aldermar: Church
Yard, London.



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THE ROYAL

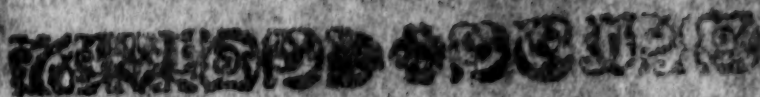
BLIND-MAN



THE HISTORY OF

DEATH

DEATH.





A
DIALOGUE between a
BLIND-MAN and DEATH.



BLIND-MAN.

THE more men see, the less they do en-
quire,
The less they see the less they do desire ;
Others to grant what blindness cannot give,
And for intelligence grow inquisitive ;
They ask to be inform'd, who cannot see,
I know by sad experience, Woe is me,

D E A T H.

What are you, Sir, thus standing all alone,
I did suppose 'twas you, by that sad moan,
Coming this way to gather what's my due,
I thought it not amiss to call on you.

BLIND-MAN.

I do not know that voice, 'tis sure some
stranger,
And by his words he seems to bode me
danger.

D E A T H.

You guess aright, and before I go,
I'll make you know me, whether you will
or no.

B L I N D-M A N.

Why what [are you? pray tell me what's
your name?

And what's your business, and from whence
you came?

D E A T H.

I will declare what no man can deny,
There's none so great a traveller as I;
Yet you must know I am no wandering
rover,

For my dominion lies the world all over,
I march through court and country, town
and city,

And cut down all without remorse or pity.
The highest cedar and the lowest flower,
Sooner or later sure must feel my power.
The mighty Emperors do submit to me,
Nor is the poorest tatter'd beggar free.
In peace I glean here one, and there another,
Sometimes I sweep away whole Breets to-
gether :

In time of war, thus much I can divine,
Whoever gets the day the triumph's mine,
I am indeed a very great commander,
'Twas I that conquer'd the great Alexander,

And after all the victory he had won,
 Compell'd him to confess he was a man.
 Were you Golia great, or Sampson strong,
 Were you as wise and rich as Solomon,
 Were you as Nester old, as infant young,
 Had you the fairest cheek, the sweetest tongue
 Yet you must stoop, the world will not avail,
 For my arrests will not admit of bail,
 For to deal plainly sir, my name is Death,
 And its my business to require your breath.

BLIND-MAN.

My breath and life shall both go out together.

DEATH.

On the same errand 'twas that I came hither;
 I'll have both breath and life without delay,
 You must and shall dispatch, come, come
 away.

BLIND-MAN.

What needs such posting haste, pray change
 your mind,

'Tis a poot conquest to surprize the Blind.

DEATH.

You may not call it postings or surprize,
 For you had warning when you lost your
 eyes;

Nor could you hope your house could long
 be free,

When once your windows were possess'd by
 me.

BLIND.

BLIND-MAN.

But life is sweet, who would not if he might;
Have a long day before he bids good-night;
O spare me yet a while, slight not my tears:

D E A T H.

Hard hearts and hungry bellies have no
ears.

BLIND-MAN.

I am not yet quite ready for thy table.

D E A T H.

All's one to me, I am not execrable,

BLIND-MAN.

Yet by your favour may I slip aside?

D E A T H.

Be not deceiv'd, it is in vain to hide;
My forces are dispersed through all places,
And act for me without respect of faces:
I have a thousand ways to shorten life.
Besides a Rapier, Pistol, Sword, and Knife;
A Fly, a Hair, a Splinter, or a Thorn,
A little scratch, the cutting of a Corn
Have sometimes done my business, therefore
So to the full, that I need wish no more.
Should all these fail, enough of humours lurk
Within your body sir, to do your work.

BLIND

BLIND MAN.

Well then, let some one run for my physician.
Tell him I want his aid in this condition.



DEATH.

Run boy and fetch him, call the whole col-
lege, do,
For I intend to have them shortly too.

I value not their potions nor their pills,
 Nor all their cordials in their doctors bill:
 When my times come, let them do what they
 can,

I'll have my due, to vain a thing it man
 Should Galen and Hippocrates join,
 And Pharoellus, with them to combine:
 Let them all meet to countermine my
 strength,

Yet they shall be my prisoners all at length.
 I grant the man of learning, worth, and art,
 May have the better of me at the start;
 But in long running they'll give out and tire.
 And quit the field, and leave me my desire:
 As for those Quaks who threaten to undo
 me,

They are my friends, and speed some pa-
 tients to me.

BLIND MAN

Well, if I must, I will yield you the day,
 So its enacted, and I must obey:
 Henceforth I'll count myself amongst your
 debtors,

For 'tis, I see, the measure of my betters:
 But tell me now when did your power be-
 gence?

D E A T H

My power began from Adam's first offence.

BLIND

(10)

BLIND-MAN.

From Adam's first offence, O base beginning,
Whose very first original was sinning.

DEATH.

My rising did from Adam's fall begin,
And ever since my strength and sting from
Sin.

BLIND-MAN.

To know wherein the enemies strength doth
lie,

In my conceit is half the victory ;
Have you commission now ?

DEATH.

What's that to you.

BLIND-MAN.

Yes, very much, for now I understand,
I am not altogether at your command ;
My life at his, who gave you this commis-
sion,

To him I'll therefore go with my petition ;
I'll seek his love, and on his mercy trust,
And when my sins are pardon'd. do your
worst.

DEATH

[11]
D E A T H.

That you may know how far my power ex-
tends,

I will divorce you from your dearest friends;

You shall resign your jewels, money, plate;

Your earthly Joys shall all be out of date.

I will deprive you of your dainty fare,

And strip you to the skin naked and bare.

Linen or woollen you shall have to wind
you,

As for the rest, all must be left behind you.

Bound hand and foot, I'll bring you to my
den,

Where constant dreadful darkness reigns
and then

Your dwelling-house shall be a cave,

Your lodging-room a little narrow grave;

A chest your closet, and a sheet your dress;

And your companions worms and rotten-
ness.

BLIND-MAN.

If this be all the mischief ye can do,

Your harbingers deserve more dread than
you;

Diseases are your harbingers I am sure,

Any of which are grievous to endure;

But when once dead, I shall not then com-
plain,

Of cold or hunger, poverty, or pain.

D E A T H.

D E A T H

There's one thing more, which now to mind
I call,

When once I come, then I come once for all,
And when my stroke doth soul and body
sever,

What's left undone must be undone for
ever.

B L I N D - M A N.

That's a great truth, as I have learn'd to know
That there's no working in the grave below ;
To be before-hand therefore will I try,

That then I may have nought to do but die,
But tell me, sir, do all men die alike ?

D E A T H

To me they do, for whom God bids I strike ;
Look how the foolish die, so die the wise,
As die the righteous, so the sinner dies.

The greatest difference will be hereafter,
But that's a thing which is beyond my char-
ter.

That I to some prove better, to some worse,
To some a blessing, and to some a curse.

That's none of mine, I dare not undertake it
Gods appointment, and mens works that
make it.

Hence 'tis that sinners troubles never cease,
And that the upright man his end is peace.

B L I N D - M A N.

There now remains but only one thing more,
Will not your power be one day out of doer,

D E A T H.

Must I need tell you, Sir, 'tis certain true,
There is a death for me as well as you,
And mine's the worst, for I must die for
ever,

You may revive again, but I shall never,

B L I N D - M A N.

By all that hath been said, I plainly see,
You had not need to have been so rough
with me.

D E A T H.

Come let that pass, that kindness may appear,
I will reveal a secret in your ear;
The death of Christ upon the painful cross,
Which seem'd to be my gain, turn'd I to my
loss:

All in his hair the strength of Sampson lay,
And with his hair went Sampson's strength
away:

I have no strength but what's deriv'd from
sin;

I have no sting but what lies hid there.

Christ suffering death to put this sin away,
Hath made me his, whom I suppos'd my
prey.

My strength is now decay'd, my sting abat'd,
My boldness check'd, and my dominion
stated,

And I am now both faint and feeble grown,
Much like to Sampson when his hair was
gone.

In my own craft I was compleatly routed,
My jaws were broken, and our holders outed.
What now I catch I have no power to keep,
My very name is chang'd from Death to
Sleep.



True I seiz'd on Christ, and brought him
down,

And bound him in a prison of my own:
But all my strongest doors, bolts, bars, and
bands,

Were but meer Nothings in his mighty
hands.

(17)
D E A T H.

Sir, I perceive you speak not without reason,
I'll leave you now, and call some other season.

B L I N D - M A N.

Call when you please, I will await that call,
And while I stand make ready for my fall;
In the mean time my constant prayer shall be
From sudden and from endless Death, good
Lord deliver me.

Judge not of Death by senses left, you
mistake it,

Death's neither friend nor foe, but as you
make it,

Live as you should, you need not to com-
plain,

For where to live is Christ, to die is gain.



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Live as you should, you need not to com-
plain,

For where to live is Christ, to die is gain.



The M O R A L.

ALL worldly things are like the changing Moon,

All beauty like a flower fadeth soon ;

Riches have their spring-tide and their ebb,

All honours frail are like the spiders web.

All things to Death as to their center hie.

Nothing more sure than Death, for all must
Die.

Must all things die? O then expect their
Death,

Must every living creature yield its breath?

Must all Things vanish, both Sun, Moon,
and stars?

Must all things end, our joys, delights, and
cares?

Yes, all with one united voice do cry,

Nothing more sure than Death, for all must
Die.

Die let us then, but let us Die in peace.

Die to our sins, that Grace may more en-
crease :

Die let us then, but let us Die to Live,

Die here to Live with him that Life doth
give.

Die we must need, let health and pleasure fly,

Nothing more sure than Death, for All must
Die.

A



A

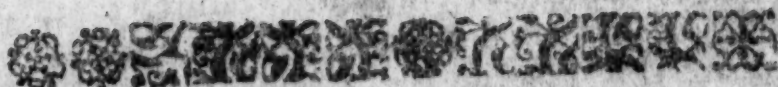
Heavenly DISCOURSE

BETWEEN A

DIVINE

AND A

BEGGAR.



THE



The INTRODUCTION.

THERE was a certain Divine, famous in learning, who did earnest importune God by prayer-for eight years together, conceiving he had not the true Knowledge of the Ways of God. notwithstanding his much learning, attained by long studies, begging that God would give him to know more of him and himself.—John Taureleus had this example of a perfect man, from whence we may be informed, that we ought to resign our selves unto the will and appointment of God in all things whatsoever is agreeable thereto. And that God would direct his steps to some that would teach him the way of truth; and being enflamed at a certain time with this mercy of desire, a voice from heaven spoke thus to him, saying, “Go forth-into the Church Yard, and there you will find a man that can teach you the way;” So going forth there he found a certain Beggar, with patched and torn apparel, and filthy dirty feet, whose cloths was not worth three halfpence; So with this Beggar the Divine began the following Discourse.



A Heavenly discourse between a
 DIVINE and a BEGGAR.

DIVINE.

GOD give thee a good morning.

BEGGAR.

Sir, I do not remember that ever I had
 a bad one.

DIVINE.

God make thee fortunate and prosper-
 ous Why speakest thou after this man-
 ner ?

BEGGAR.

I never was unfortunate,

DIVINE.

God save thee, speak more plainly ?

BEGGAR.

Yes, sir, I will do it willingly ; for
 when I am pinched with cold and hunger
 if it snow, hail, or rain, if the weather be
 fair or foul, I still praise God ; and for
 that reason there never happened an evil
 morning to me. Whatever God gave me
 I suffered with patience ; whether it was
 agreeable to me or not ; was it sweet or

bitter, I gladly received at his hands at the best ; for that reason I was always contented, and was resolved through the grace of god, cleaving to the will of God, laying aside my own will, complying to and being agreeable with the will of God in all things.

D I V I N E.

This is very strange, but what I pray thee wouldst thou do, if the God of heaven should cast thee down into the bottomless pit, would that be pleasing to thee ?

B E G G A R.

Yes, drown me in the bottomless pit, I have the arms by which I am united to his sacred humanity ; and that is true humility ; the other, and that is Love, which is united to his sacred Divinity, and by his love I hold him fast ; if I were to go down to Hell with him, I would think it better to be in hell with God, than in heaven without him.

D I V I N E.

From whence camest thou ?

B E G G A R.

From God.

D I V I N E.

Where did you find God?

B E G G A R.

God is to be found in the Temple of God, in reading the Word of God, in Preaching and prayer.

D I V I N E.

I pray thee friend, who art thou?

B E G G A R.

Truly, Sir, I am a King, and Jesus himself hath crowned me with peace, power, and rest.

D I V I N E.

But what brought thee in this perfection?

B E G G A R.

The kingdom of God is in my soul, which governs all my inward parts and senses; and the powers of the old man are conquered and brought into subjection. Which kingdom is better than all the kingdoms, crowns and scepters in the world.

D I V I N E.

But what brought thee into this perfection?

B E G G A R.

My sublime meditation and union with the great God of peace, and improvement

of mercies to his glory, by growing in grace, adding one grace to another; and could rest on nothing else but the assurance of God's love, in which I have rest and peace, and am taught by the five followings the whole duty of a Christian. First, Mortification, by which corruptions are brought under, and without which he cannot have communion with God, Secondly, Get into the favour of Christ, for by him alone salvation cometh. Thirdly, Bear in mind the great day of accounts, and who is to be your Judge; for this will make you steer your whole course of life regularly. Fourthly, You, as a Divine, be much concerned to preach the word of God, for in that he is found, and discovers to his people their duty. Lastly, Be much given to prayer, for this is that which will bring success to all lawful enterprizes; this is the conduit-pipe to convey all our wants to God, and bring mercies from God to us.

The Beggar having ended his instructive lecture, the Divine relieved his necessities, and they parted, the Beggar on his way, and the Divine to his closet; having learned more from his discourse than from all the other acquirements he had made himself master of.

